Boston. April 18. 1837.

Tuesday evening.

My Dear Debora,

It is a long time since I have written you, at least, I believe it is rather more than a week. I have not written, I think, since I sent the bundle. Saturday, the 8th Lucretia left us and en passant, it is wonderful how little she has been missed. Caroline & Mary Parker went out to Roxbury to organize a Female Society. Sunday, I went to church in the morning at the Free Church & heard a Mr Marsh of Roxbury. In the afternoon at St Pauls I heard Mr Howe. After meeting, I called at Channing Pl, for the first time after my return from Weymouth. I have not felt so bad since the day of Ann's funeral. There was an air of loneliness & vacancy. Mr Chapman used a significant expression to Caroline the other day "The sunshine has gone out of my house." Mary was calm & quiet. I saw Mrs Chapman. She looked very well to the ground but was composed & firm. She shed a very few tears during the interview but bore herself better than I could. Mary read me some portions of an Aunt Harvey journal of Ann's & some quite pretty verses. She gave me Ann's eye glass. I wish it had been something else, for I do not like to lay aside my present glass, & at the same time I wish to wear hers. Monday 9 Sarah Freeman dined here; just the same as ever. I wrote letters to Lydia in Ohio. Tuesday 11. Susan Freeman & Mary Parker called & I wrote more letters to Ohio. Wednesday 12. I called at Maria's, Mary Chapman's & the A.S. Rooms and Miss Parker's. The Quarterly meeting of our Society took place in the afternoon. It was a full one. Miss Parker read & prayed & a letter was then read, addressed to Mr Chapman's family. It was an interesting fine letter, written by Catherine Sullivan, imagine, Petitions they were brought up & the same people who had the counties last year took them this. The wards in Boston also were arranged. A day or two before I had had a letter from Sarah Grimké. It was a letter to me personally, but I read it to the Society; also a letter from Mary Clark. 12 resolutions were then offered by Maria & accepted and ordered to be sent on to N. York. Also some by Miss Sargent & Mrs Child, Mrs C having sent some by Henrietta. Has made some talk & difficulty as they altered the Proceeds of Missions. This was finally referred to the Board. The delegates were then chosen to N.Y. Miss Parker, Miss Paul, Julia Williams & Martha Ball. Miss Parker was chosen of course for her excellent gifts; Miss Paul because she was a favourable specimen of the coloured race, Julia Williams because the coloured people regard us as one of themselves, a light in which they do not regard Susan Paul, and Miss Ball was chosen because Amy proposed her

Mrs Child had obstinately refused to go. All the ladies who were going had a roving commission to act as delegates. Miss Sargent, Miss Sullivan & Ange & Sylvia & myself were the ones that thought of going. The meeting on the whole, was a very spirited one. It was embittered to me, every moment of it. Oh how I thought of the last meeting. I went home with Ann & took tea, because we had had such a good meeting that we could not bear to separate. This has come very close to me, & even now, it is difficult for me really to understand that the good times I have had with her are all over. Mr Bailey passed the evening here & Maria spent the night. Henry having at noon started for N. York on business. Thursday 13. In the afternoon we were surprised by the call of Mr Walker of Lowell, Ben's father. He was just from Cincinnati and called to engage board & schooling for his half sister Maria Kendall. We understood that it was at Jim's expense. He is certainly heaping coals of fire on our heads. Joseph, very sensibly, has given up school keeping, and is going to practise law in Cincinnati with Jim. He is coming to N. England in May. Miss Kendall is coming next Monday. She is about 16. He spoke of her as a very good scholar, & intimated that he wanted to have brought forward into society as much as was consistent. Maria was here all night again. Friday 14. Maria, little Henry & I went to Henrietta Sargent's. She was in trouble about Sarah but, read us a letter from Angeline Grimke in answer to one she had written to her. She addressed her as a coloured woman. After I came home I wrote to Sarah Mitchell asking her to come & live with us, for I did not feel as if we could get along with Mary Porter with so large a family, for Mary Fifield has at length carried the day & her father has given his consent for her to come to school. We take her for $2,50 pr week & $10 per quarter. That will help you $40 onward, of which I am sure you will be glad. Saturday 15. I called on Ange Ammidon who was much as usual, only, I fear, a little Bepackered. Mary Chapman came here to see Maria bringing your letter & the paper. I rejoice that Sally has been so well brought up. I revere Bro Emerson & Underwood. I am glad that Mr Holmes iniquity is reproved. Sat afternoon Miss Jones (Dr Cutler's bride elect,) Mr Spear & Henry Cowing called. Henry acquainted us that he was going to start for England immediately. I went to see Ann's picture. It looks more like than I could have thought. The upper part of the face is perfect but she has too much colour & the mouth is rather too pouting & pretty. Mr Chapman & Mary are both quite pleased with it. Sunday 16. I went to Mr Winslow's church in the morning & heard him preach a good sermon about the times, failures &c. I did not go out in the afternoon as it rained, but I understood that Walter Colton (the clerical ruffian) was to preach there. Yesterday Emma & Lizzy came in town and in the afternoon Mary Fifield. The little Baileys continue to be very good & quite chicken

and I believe that we shall do very well with Mary. I had letters from Aunt Mary yesterday by which I learn that Caroline Bond died last Friday morning. She was in great distress all the day previous, but finally went off quietly. She was buried on Sunday. Ma is coming in town very soon. Henry Cowing left to day for N.Y. He is going out to see about getting French shoes I believe. I think he is going to be gone only 3 months. Henry Chapman came from N.Y. on Sunday, but went back again yesterday as his business requires his being there Sunday & Davenport & Mrs Foord came from St Louis. They went directly out to Ed Lees, taking Mary Ann with them. They left Sophia quite poorly. As to my going to N.Y. I think it very doubtful. Maria wants me to & offers to pay my expenses, but whether I shall or not, I cannot say. I care very little about going I assure you. Mary has given Ann's free labour pink gown to Caroline. I have first taken a bad cold, merely by going to the door & talking a few minutes. Caroline also has taken a most violent one, but I hope we may soon be better. I have been very much taken up, of late, in writing letters; I have written to a number of people about Ann's book. To Mr Phelps, Mrs Follen, Theodore Weld & to Hildreth. That young man I think I have properly fixed. I wrote him a point blank letter addressing him as the author of Amy Moore & I don't think that he knows where to make off or what to do. He has not been into the house since I wrote, & it is my special desire experience that he never come into the house for 6 weeks & then he will make no reference to my communication. He is cornered I fully think, & I rejoice to think that he has now to make the next move. I too have had so many letters to write that I did for Maria, to the Ohio sisters that I have hardly had a minutes time to myself. I had your letter last night, and the books. I am sorry you have so much to do & think that Mr Emerson ought to give you $500. Write soon and tell me every thing. I am so tired that I can hardly sit up. Sarah Ann goes to Nonantum tomorrow. She is coming down again in May. Mr Bailey has bought a house up at South end, a very pretty one. Every body is failing at a great rate. Mr Lemist of Roxbury has failed for a great sum & in short there never has been such a time since the memory of man. Give my love to every body that I know. Caroline called yesterday on Mrs Francis thinking it a good time to buy the hat she is worn out. Ever yrs Anne.

It is late & I am all worn out.

I will write by Mr Dennis.

who is he?

A. W. Weston
April 18th 1837

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MS. A. 0.2 v.9 p.28